

PRACTICE, NOT THEORY.

DR. TALMAGE CONTINUES HIS SERMONS OF EVANGELICAL SERMONS.

The Catholic Doctrine of "Good Works." Too Many Protestants Lay Too Little Stress on Works—Religion Should Go into the Everyday Life.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 15.—Great audiences again assembled at the academy by Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Academy of Music this morning, and also at the Christian Herald service in the New York Academy of Music in the evening. The remarkable interest in the latter continues without evidence of abatement. At the service in New York last Sunday evening there were many emotional episodes among the vast audience, and to-night these were repeated, hundreds pledging themselves anew to Christian living hereafter. Dr. Talmage took for his text at the Brooklyn Academy, "Faith without works is dead" (Jas. ii, 20). The Roman Catholic church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion for the most part is made up of talk—vigorous talk, fluent talk, beautiful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that we have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell, this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little steam. Foretopmast staysail, foretopmast studding sail, mizzenmast, mizzenmast—all everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

THE DRAWING, USELESS STREAM. Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when this river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it moses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby by the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and covets of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself, the other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said, "There is my brother with no family, he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." The other brother said, "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my own farm in the night time and set them over on his farm and say nothing about it." So the work of transferee went on night after night, and night after night, but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transferee, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should be proved unassailable it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

FRIGHTFUL FRAUDS IN FOOD. I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all the trades. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will allow a man to say a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the streets, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all adulterated sirups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brick dust that is sold for cayenne pepper, and it will shake out the Prussian blues from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bone dust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridge-water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar. There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amusement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices, and into the sugars, and into the butter, and into the apothecary drugs. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The board of health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is

a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but what it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood, warranted pure, from Boston, was found to have 41 per cent. of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root, and then sheaths are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes.

It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant then mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

THE SPECULATING HYPOCRITE. Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were after awhile ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church, or a university, or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift. He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a seamy job, but thou art so merciful. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent. of the profits, and with that one per cent. you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, for ever and ever, amen!"

Ah, my friends, if a man bath gotten his estate wrongfully, and he built a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" on him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collateral on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation!

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise, it will also rectify all business and all toll. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. Ye, that was a thing is slightly done, "Oh, that was done by the job!" You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the excursion he whips up the horses, so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, houses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly, and watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Diamond for a dollar and a family of physicians that holds on to money you read the third chapter. Spavined horses by skillful dose of jockeys for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all pervading influence of practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

THERE IS NONE PERFECT. Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares it will keep the man who does the work from making him half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence, and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness, and for happiness, and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements.

HIGH AND LOW ALIKE GUILITY. Yes, this religion, this practical religion,

will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not home" for the honest "expansion to 'too tired'" or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicating conviviality.

Yes, there is a great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who do not drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine room, and now her eye is glassy, and after a while her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of exulting laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage goes to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, she was taken suddenly ill at German. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yes, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform Elm street in New York, Bedford street, Philadelphia, and Shoreline, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon street and Madison square and Rittenhouse square and West End and Brooklyn Heights and Brooklyn Hill. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn book and prayer book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

THERE MUST BE A NEW DEPARTURE. There has got to be a new departure in religion. It has got to be a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought in the appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph, but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new gospel, but the old gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention, but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear, a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. For a new gospel, but the old gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but it is possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you a few specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord" no more wonderful than his book on "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh, myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ and his people of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: The late Lord Cairns, the queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation, preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, judge of the supreme court of the United States and president of the American Sunday School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent as the church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

GODFEARING BUSINESS MEN. Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character a Monday morning inking to a room in the top of his storehouse, the clerk of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any special troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan, I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounced it long ago. And the merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business; Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business; Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the racing houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon after they have put their horses up, will offer prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshiping God today away up among the Berkshire hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, and the banks of the Passaic and the Harlem, where I knew them better because I went to school with them. Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright; Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer, and the saw, and the axe, and the drill, and the ax sound in the grand march of our national industries. Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say in

one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry, and the Royal regiments, and Kemp's infantry, and the Scots Greys and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won!

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE. In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farm house. She had many styles of work, and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, they saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home the young wife arose at 4 o'clock, entered the front door yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent; one, a member of parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing.

One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, the endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Gossells. Moral—Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead.

Being Initiated Into a Secret Society.

Here is the reminiscence of a gray haired old man, a graduate of Harvard, and a man who has some reputation in the world of letters:

"On the night of my initiation into a society—I cannot name it in this connection, for that would be a breach of loyalty—I went to the mystic hall with a heavy heart and shaky legs. This particular band of brothers had a special reputation for ferocity, and I knew well enough that it was more than idle talk too, but I was pledged, and forward" was the word. I finally found myself mounting a pair of stairs in utter darkness. This was something of a feat, for at intervals a board would turn up under my feet, and one leg would descend into some unknown abyss, and the great disadvantage of my best trousers and shins.

"At the very top I carefully pushed open a door and sprang into a sort of water trap, from which about three gallons of the fluid, descending in a big baptism, soaked me completely. Having passed the water ordeal, I entered, and was violently seized by several shadowy forms, who appeared as sort of luminous, grinning skulls, which effect is produced by pulling a shirt sleeve over the face and rubbing it with phosphorus. Just try a shirt sleeve mask and see if it isn't a horrible sight, even in daytime. Well, I was soon rid of my clothing and stretched out on a plank, in which were placed various kinds of burns and thistles—anything but a downy bed.

"Then there came a low, tomblike voice. 'Fetch the red hot iron, Diabolus.' So I could see through the darkness the gleam of fiery metal; nearer and nearer it came. The terrible voice whispered, 'Brand him in the neck.' A horrible bolt of pain flashed down my spinal column, accompanied by the sound and actual smell of burning flesh. With a yell that no stoic could have repressed I leaped from the plank, and stood in the full glare of many lighted lamps, with the hilarious glee. The dancing around me in hilarious glee, the branding? Well, they used a piece of ice which gives much the same sensation as a hot iron, while a fine beefsteak was actually branded, furnishing my sensations of sound and smell."—New York Star.

A Monster American Pyramid.

A gigantic pyramid, the most interesting relic to the antiquarian now on the American continent, lies a few miles to the west of Pueblo, Old Mexico. The spot is easy of access, and has been visited by every traveler of note, either American born or foreign, who has interested himself in the least in hoary antiquities. It rises suddenly from the plain and is built of huge blocks of large unburned bricks. Although mutilated and overgrown with trees, the massive base and four stories of the gigantic structure are yet almost entire. Humboldt describes it as a work of such magnitude and vastness as, next to the pyramids of Egypt, has never before been seen in the world. Its height is 172 feet, and the sides of its base 1,355 feet, being 275 feet lower than the great pyramid of Cheops, and 627 feet longer.

The brick material is interspersed with layers of stone and mortar, and the four stories are connected with each other by broad terraces. These are ascended from bench to bench by regular and oblique flights of steps which lead to a little chapel at the top, which has been dedicated to the Virgin of Remedios. In straightening out the road which leads from the City of Mexico to Pueblo it became necessary to remove a portion of the base of this ancient monument. In cutting down a section of the base an interior chamber built of stone and roofed with beams of cypress was laid bare. In it were found skeletons, idols of clay, stone and bronze, and a number of pottery vessels, curiously varnished and painted.—St. Louis Republic.

Fighting Against Poisonous Candy.

A fact which has been commented upon recently is that there is an almost entire absence of poisoning cases from adulterated candy, which were so numerous in former years. This evil at one time became so serious that an association was formed for the distinct purpose of securing the passage of special statutes in various states making the adulteration of confectionery with any substance injurious to health punishable by a heavy fine; and for several years liberal rewards have been offered by this association, as well as by its individual members, for evidence against any offender sufficient to obtain a conviction under the laws, the association assuming the cost and responsibility of the prosecution. In New York and Brooklyn there are a large number of firms, including all the large manufacturers of confectionery, who are pledged to the prosecution of all offenders against the special statutes passed by the legislature on this subject, and by application to a member of the association any suspected confectionery can at once be analyzed free of charge.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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A TWICE TOLD TALE!

The wise man selecteth the "Burlington route" and therefore starteth aright. He arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, for lo, and behold, he is snugly ensconced in a "lower center" on the famous vestibuled flyer, where smoke and dust are never known.

The foolish man buyeth a ticket of a scalper. In the morning, behold, he saveth fifty cents; and lo, at nightfall he is out \$9.27. He starteth wrong. With might and main he hurrieth to the depot, only to find his train four hours late. The peanut boy seizeth him up and selleth him a paper of an uncertain date.

And it came to pass, being hungry and athirst, he steppeth into the dining car, and by the beard of the prophet, 'twas a feast fit for the gods. Venison, Blue Points, Bergundy, frog legs, canvassbacks, Mum's extra dry, English plum pudding, fruits, nuts, ices, French coffee,—verily, the wise man waxeth fat, and while he lighteth a cigar, he taketh time to declare that the meal was "out of sight."

As he journeyeth along, he formeth a new acquaintance, for whom he casheth a check. Five minutes for refreshments. While he rusheth to the lunch counter some one stealth his grip-sack. He exchangeeth cars, lo these many times, and it striketh the foolish man that he "doesn't get through pretty fast," and he bemoaneth his ill luck. He getteth a cinder in his eye, and verily he sweareth and cusseth full free. He exchangeeth three pieces of silver for a bunk in a sleeper, and awaketh just in time to catch an infernal nigger sneaking off with his boots; the fool's ex-cuse availeth nothing, and the foolish man straightway putteth his boots under his pillow, that no man may break in and steal.

It occurreth to the wise man that the country through which he journeyed was one of wondrous beauty, inasmuch that it was with deep regret he noted the nightly shadows fall. However, tenfold joy returned as he beheld the brilliantly lighted car, and the merry company it contained. Verily, it afforded a view of Elysium.

His train runneth into a washout, a hackman taketh him in to the tune of six shillings, and the foolish man fifteth up his voice in great lamentation, for lo and behold, the tavern is away but half a block. He reacheth home weary and heartsore; his trunk cometh next day minus the cover and one handle, he resolveth hereafter to travel only by the "Great Burlington."

The wise man retireth to rest. Deliciously unconcerned, he sleeps the sleep of the righteous and awakes much refreshed. His train is on time, his journey ended. He rejoiceth with exceeding great joy, as he holds a return ticket by the same route, the "Great Burlington."

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